

The most lamentable Tragedie

And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receave the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banquet, which I with may prone
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures feast.

He cuts their throats.

Sonow bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.

Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.

Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eares,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.

Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhalloved slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with
Tribunes and others.*

King. What, hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

Lucius.

of Titus Andronicus

Lucius. What bootes it thee
Marcus, Romes Emperour a
These quarrels must be quiet
The feast is ready which the c
Hath ordained to an honoural
For peace, for loue, for leagu
Pleafe you therefore draw nie
Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

*Sound trumpets, enter Titus li
the Table, and Lavinia*

Titus. Welcom my gracio
Welcome ye warlike Gothes
And welcome all, although t
Twill fill your stomachs, ple

Satur. Why art thou thus

Titus. Because I would be
To entertaine your highnes,

Tam. We are beholding to

Titus. And if your highnes

My Lord the Emperour reso

Was it well done of rash *Virg*

To slay his daughter with hi

Because she was enforst, stain

Satur. It was *Andronicus*

Titus. Your reason might

Satur. Because the girl

And by her presence still re

Titus. A reason mighty,

A patterne, president, and li

For me most wretched to pe

Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy sh

And with thy shame thy Fa

Satur. What hast thou d